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into the room. The majestic voice of the elements had thundered terror to her guilty and superstitious soul, and she now tremblingly implored permission to pass the night with Rose. The frantic agony which marked her subsequent conduct was such as to have touched even a callous heart ; but the thought that the innocent Clara was about to suffer, steeled the feelings of Rose against her who, she was now convinced, was the real criminal. By an ingenious stratagem, she brought Janet, on the following morning, to the prison ; when, from her knowledge of her character, she hoped that the sight of Miss Delaval, under such melancholy circumstances, would wring a confession from her ; and, should such not prove the case, she was determined at all hazards to charge her with the murder. The result fully justified her expectations.

It now only remains to state, what the reader has in all probability anticipated, that our hero and heroine were in due time happily united, their main defects of character being corrected by the event related ; and, further, to inform our marriage-loving friends, that Mr. Malden, weaned from a fruitless love, found an affectionate wife in Lady Augusta, the friend of Clara Delaval.

THE SLAVE.

The bleeding slave was bound,
And the taskman o'er him stood,
Whose lash sent forth its hollow sound,
Midst groans, and tears, and blood.

By sickness thus laid low,
God ! 'tis an aged slave,
Whom the villain strives by ev'ry blow
To scourge back from the grave.

His hoary hairs are stain'd
With his blood that gushes fresh,
And the bonds with which his limbs are chain'd
Enter into his flesh.

“ Oh ! spare me, master, spare !
This flesh which thou hast torn,
And the sinews which the scourges tear,
In thy service have been worn !

“ Master, my words were wrong,
Thy just resentment smother,
I had forgot the gory thong—
When I said I was thy brother.

“ Hear me, my master, hear !”
And he spake with trembling breath,
“ Oh, pity my last and aged tear—
Your slave is sick to death !”

His sons are forc'd to stand*
Around their dying sire,
Till beneath the licenc'd tyrant's hand
The fainting slave expire.

And did their silent prayer,
Their heart's deep bursting groan,
Not peal up through their dark despair
Before the Eternal's throne ?

* Founded upon fact.

England, the God whose hand
 Avengeth not amiss,
 Upon thy proud and guilty land
 Will lay his scourge for this !

“ Brother, thy drooping head
 Raise, ere thy spirit go ;
 Hark ! to the far off sounds of dread
 Which paralyse thy foe !

“ Rapid from shore to shore,
 Deepening upon the wind,
 Comes pealing with triumphant power,
 The THUNDER of the MIND.

“ Where'er a tyrant 's felt,
 Mark how its lightnings play !
 And quick as thought each chain they melt
 Fast from the slave away.”

The slave rais'd up his head,
 Nor did his spirit go,
 Till it heard the coming sounds of dread
 That paralyz'd his foe !

Peal on, thou MORAL STORM !
 Lightnings, dash down the chain !
 That none who bear man's godlike form
 Shall e'er be slaves again !

AFRICA AND AFRICAN TRAVELLERS.*

The Edinburgh Cabinet Library is one of a new and somewhat peculiar class of Periodicals, that seem to have grown out of the plan of the Encyclopædia, on which they are, in some respects, a decided improvement ; and, if conducted with ability, bid fair to form a new era in the history of literature. The plan of periodical publication is itself an invention of comparatively modern days. It began with newspapers, which soon told as effectually upon the style, as upon the politics of the age. These were followed by pamphlets. The *Spectator* belonged to a different class, and was purely literary in its manner and design. It was followed by a host of other periodicals, belonging to the same school, and emanating from it. Then came the *Magazine*. The *Annual* has shot up within our own memory, and has had a most luxuriant growth, though we fear too rapid for its strength or durability. If supplanted by “the Libraries,” we shall not regret the exchange.

In a former Number we noticed, in a passing way, the first volume of this interesting publication, which, on a further acquaintance, we are happy to state, does great credit to the compilers and publishers. As far as it has gone, it is certainly no mere catch-penny—no hasty production of an hour—no mere publishers' book, “got up” by persons incompetent for the task—a character, which, we are sorry to say, would not be equally applicable to some others of a similar genus, which we could name. The two volumes of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, already published, appear to have been well digested, and carefully compiled from the best authorities by talented individuals, who have

* Edinburgh Cabinet Library.—Narrative of Discovery and Adventure in Africa, from the earliest ages to the present time : with illustrations of the Geology, Mineralogy, and Zoology. By Professor Jameson, James Wilson, Esq. F.R.S.E. and Hugh Murray, Esq. F.R.S.E. Edinburgh, Oliver & Boyd.